

## Movie Date by Collie Parkillo

**Category:** It

**Genre:** Friendship, Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Richie T., Stan U.

**Pairings:** Stan U./Richie T.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2014-12-22 19:47:01

**Updated:** 2014-12-22 19:47:01

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 01:20:50

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,247

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** People don't just take people to movies and specifically not invite any of their other friends for no reason...right? StanRichie.

## Movie Date

The movie theatre seat was warm and cramped, with Richie on one side of him and some lady in a pink sundress on the other. The largest box of popcorn possible was sandwiched between them and had spilled all over Richie's lap. Somehow Stan had been mercifully spared from the mess getting on him.

He cleared his throat. "Richie, I...don't want to be rude, but..."

Richie looked over at him, his gaze shifting from the previews to Stan's face. "Go on, I'm listening."

"Why is it just me you brought here? I thought Bill and Bev and Eddie and Mike would be here too, or at least Bill and Eddie, but it's just you and me." Stan looked down at his hands. But when he looked up, Richie didn't look the least bit offended. In fact, he was chuckling.

"I thought you'd never ask. It's because you're special, Stan, my man. Now hush, the movie's starting." Perfect timing, Stan figured. The answer had been right on the tip of Richie's tongue when he was provided with the perfect excuse to get out of telling Stan. He suddenly found he couldn't really focus on the movie. It wasn't anything good, he could tell right from the start that it was another one of those werewolf movies with a pretty girl who screamed a lot. You're special, Stan, my man. What the hell did he mean by that?

"Hey," Richie hissed into his ear. "I see Bowers and Hockstetter down below us." Stan looked where he was pointing. It was indeed Bowers and Hockstetter. "Looks like it's just the two of 'em. No Vic or Belch. I guess they had the same idea we did." Stan laughed lightly, but he knew it sounded forced.

"I think we should leave them alone."

"C'mon, it's just the two of us and the two of them. What harm can they do?"

Stan gulped. "Equal numbers doesn't mean a tactical advantage. That's when it just comes down to who has more brute strength, and

Hockstetter and Bowers..."

"I get you. Alright, we'll leave their little date alone." The word 'date' made Stan's stomach turn. The same idea he and Richie had had, huh. He was sure his parents wouldn't have a problem with it, not really, although it wasn't really the kind of thing they'd talk about at the dinner table. His father had said to him that he only wanted the best for him, and it was up to Stan to see what the best was. But the Scouts, and people like Henry Bowers...

The werewolf bit off the pretty girl's leg in the movie. Stan shut his eyes, and when he opened them, Richie had drawn an arm around him. They exchanged a look, but neither said anything. Stan, against his better judgement, leaned into him, being careful to move the half-empty jumbo box of popcorn onto the ground before scooting any further in his seat. Stan found that he was more concerned with the fact that Richie's arm was resting comfortably around him and the fleece of his red and white jacket made the half-embrace feel warm and soft and the fact that they were sitting so close their legs were practically touching than he was with the movie.

It turned out the pretty girl's boyfriend was the werewolf in the end. As the full moon night turned to a tentative daylight on the screen, the wolf turned into a fair-haired young man. He wept on his knees in front of the girl's corpse. "Why did I fall in love with her?" He cried. "It was so much harder because I loved her!"

The screen went black and the lady with the pink sundress next to Stan was blotting her eyes with a tissue. Richie looked a little bit teary-eyed, too, Stan noted. He stood up and wiped his eyes, and Stan followed suit, picking up the empty popcorn box and tossing it in the trash as they walked out the door.

"I liked it," Stan said, feeling kind of lame. "The werewolf was creepy." Richie raised his hands and curled his fingers to make faux claws and made an unconvincing growling noise. Stan jumped back just from the momentary shock, and Richie went into a fit of laughter.

When he'd calmed down a little, Richie said "I liked it too. The boyfriend would've been cute if he wasn't the werewolf in the end.

That was a real cop-out."

"Richie," Stan said, suddenly not wanting to beat around the bush anymore. "Richie, was this a date?"

Richie looked surprised, then laughed again. "Only if you want it to be. I think you're cute and I'd be fine and dandy with this being a date, but it ain't a date if it ain't mutual!" Stan stared at him quizzically. "Well, I mean, there are probably some guys who beg to differ, but that's what I think anyways," Richie added quickly, taking the age old 'trying to fill the awkwardness by babbling' approach.

"N-no, it's-!" Richie's face visibly fell. "No, I mean, don't be nervous! I liked the movie and I like the idea and...yeah, I guess I would want it to be a date." Stan felt his face starting to feel warm. "I think you're cute, too. Your hair's the same color as a flame-colored tanager." It lame of him to say. Real lame. Richie was going to think he was a total fool.

But Richie was as red as his own face presumably was. He had this grin that looked like it was going to burst off of his face. "Geez, Stan! That's really romantic! I didn't know you had that in you!" They stood there and stared at each other for what seemed like an eternity until Richie spoke again. "This is so exciting! We should go get ice cream next time! That'd be swell, right?"

The best Stan could come up with was "Yeah." And then, "My father will probably ground me if I'm not home before nine."

"That's alright. See you, then!" Richie turned around and as he was walking away Stan opened his mouth and made a strangled little sound. "Huh?"

Stan decided actions spoke louder than words and walked purposefully over to him, closed his eyes, and kissed Richie's pale, freckled cheek. "Bye, Richie," he said, a strange, giddy feeling in his throat making his sentences come out garbled. "I'd like to get ice cream sometime, but how will we ever tell the others?"

"Aw, it can be our little secret for now." Richie winked at him. "See you, Stan." They parted ways and Stan found that the flame-colored

tanager was suddenly his favorite bird.

---

This started out as something more serious but then just devolved into...whatever happened here. I was a little concerned about Stan and Eddie's voices sounding too similar when I wrote them because they're similar characters (Maybe nervous kids are Richie's type, ha.) but I think it turned out alright. Funny how the only love interests I can see for Richie are the two canonically dead Losers. Sorry, Richie.